

mad without my help; but his good fortune
would have
it otherwise, to which I'll leave him.'
Justinian's learning
had indeed led him into one unlucky
composition not
meant for his mistress's eye. 'Lord! what
would I give
that I had a Latin letter of his for you, that
he writ to a
great friend at Oxford, where he gives a
long and learned
character of me; 'twould serve you to laugh
at this seven
year.' The worst of her faults, as there
described by this
seventeenth-century Sir Willoughby, was 'a
height (he
would not call it pride) that was, as he had
heard, the
humour of my family; and the best of my
commenda-
tions was, that I was capable of being
company and con-
versation for him'. Not that this sage could
not also be
gallant: hearing Dorothy had an ague, he
forthwith had
one himself, 'so natural a sympathy there is
between us'.
But at last finding even agues unavailing, Sir
Justinian
turned elsewhere: 'it was not mine, it
seems, to have an
emperor; the spiteful man, merely to vex
me, has gone
and married my countrywoman, Lord Lee's
daughter.
What a multitude of willow garlands shall I
wear before
I die! I think I had best make them into
faggots this cold
weather; the flame they would make in a
chimney would
be of more use to me than that which was
in the hearts
of all those that gave them me, and would
last as long.'

Other wooers as provokingly went and died. 'Never anybody had such luck with lovers; what with marrying and what with dying they all leave me. Just now I have news brought me of the death of an old rich knight that has promised me this seven years to marry me whensoever his wife died, and now he's dead before her, and has left her such a widow, it makes me mad to think on't: .£1,200 a year jointure and .£20,000 in money and personal estate, and all this I might have had if Mr. Death had been pleased to have taken her instead of him.